Manorbier. 1908

30th Aug. 08.

My Violet,

I write in the most horrid Chaos, on the verge of going up to London. Still, as you want write to me, I must write to you. But what with writing for Smith & writing for the Times, & writing to Nessa, & writing Cheques, post cards & love letters, & my pen is worn to the stump. Besides, to keep a correspondence warm it should be constant; & you may be on the seas, or in bed, for anything I know. I have

Enjoyed myself very much here. Wells became rather too venerable a lot, towards the end of the time; but I got into the Meadips one, & saw the place where my great uncle the Bishop sat his Lambs tails. That touch had an immense success in Wells; 'Yes, my uncle was very fond of Lambs tails; I fancy they myself.' It was so homely, & familiar. TYPN But happily it wasn't the season for Lambs or I should have eaten nothing else. Then I came but their tails.
in here; & found myself lodged in the Cottage of a Stone mason, with no

conveniences very kind. But I take my cold tub like an Englishman, & I hired a room in the house of a gentleman farmer & there I sat & read, Abbott & wrote those brilliant articles which I speak of. Read your Times with attention for the next two or three weeks, & see if you can spot me.

Bruce Richmond & I keep up a mildly humorous correspondence. But I have had no adventures, to speak of. Often I get no letter for 3 days at a time, Vera being in Scotland, & Adrian in Germany, & Violet estranged, & I rarely open my lips. I talk a little to my landlady about the rheumatics, & which is the best way of cooking eggs. We have just had an affecting scene. I have asked her for her bill, & she scratched her head & said "I shall charge you for

one egg a day. Fowls cost nothing, fowls
cost nothing. It has been a pleasure to
serve you! And then you call me
an Egoist – a woman who doesn't
love her kind! I think I
professing a Philanthropist this winter. –
professing that sets grey character,
which some people detective.
Where will you be then – when
Nelly asks me to her bedside, & I
take Kitty to the surgeon, & Hester
has her next baby in my house, &
Beatrice confides to me the tragedy of
her life!
NYPL
We go to Italy on Thursday. –
If you were a woman of
any vitality you would write me
a long letter, & try to explain
yourself. Laffosing we drift

entirely apart, in the next 3 years, do
that we blush when we meet + remember our ancient correspondence —
Will it be you feel a miss?
Yours, I think; because you are
always so unselfish. NYPL When you
write to me, you talk of the
people, so that I begin to forget
what you are like. I can conjure
up one or two grimaces.
I have been writing at my work of
imagination; & have now done one
hundred pages. I begin to
ask, whether I shall ever dare to
print them? I shall work
hard at it this winter, & see at
any rate whether I can finish it.

Rosa is in her sheeting boy, alone,
with fierce men. She says the
Strickland are like Christmas
Cards, & she will be very glad to
get to Italy. Her son takes up a
great deal of her mind, & she is
beginning to boast not only of his
beauty, but of his character & wit.
I am rather fond of him too; he has
changed completely since I last saw
him. I suppose you are staging
in some great house, when they dress
for dinner, & Owen about in brakes.
I suppose you are very witty at
dinner, & all the old generals confide in
you - when the ladies go to bed, Lady
Cynthia or Mildred comes to your
room, & asks your advice. You on
rather random a free spoken,
however, she finds the greatest
refreshment & say she never met

Anyone like you (Lord, what a long
letter this is. I meant to contain
myself in one sheet - but ah my books
are packed, & I like writing to you,
once I get started). You kiss each
other, & next time I come to Manchester
St. Ross with me & you are engaged
with a young lady in the drawing
room. O if you would only write
your life! — much better than
Editing your great Grandmother.

I heard from Kelly the other day,
from the Highlands. She with
makes jokes. I spend my time
deciphering them. But you
think me urgent to Kelly; & I
believe she gets irritated with me,

x does her best to flout all my
prejudices. Still, she is a very
charming woman!

Do you like my writing?
Have you changed your opinion
yet? I begin to believe that
I shall write rather well one of these
days.

NYPL

The Quaker is rejoicing over
Helen Stephen's death, a meditating
an address to an Oxford College in
November. What the difference is
between her inspiration & my
journalism I don't know.

Are you fond of me?

Yours
L.S.

OCT 5 1900

Sunday.

My Violet,

It was very pleasing to find your letter waiting me among a rubbish heap of bills. We got back on Thursday, & Adrian came on Friday, so we are all started again. We had a very successful journey; Clark is an admirable man, & I never did a thing or wrote a line. We

lounged about in Siena
Perugia & Pari. I liked
Italy much better this time,
except for the people. But
the country was beautiful —
& the grapes ripe, & the
earth warm. We met
Elsie, Ly Carnarvon, at Perugia,
who asked us about George,
& I haven't seen him for
six months.
It is very thick & hot here,
& I can't make up my
mind to put anything straight.

but the dear old Times want me to
get to work. I bought a chair &
a sofa in Paris. Do you
realise that you have never been
inside this house?

Julian turns about 2 years
old, & is quite responsible now.
Jessa with probably make
a very nice child when. She
has beautiful eyes, & a great
big head.

I have a picture to
make: although I packed
with the utmost discretion,
I left behind me five 2
francs. I love best — & francs
leave out to the last — my fur
slippers. I have to go

to my hats now a naked sole,
& when the cold weather comes
I shall get chilblains.
Can you tell me where you
get them, & would you
like to give me my Christmas
present now - or, if I got
some small beast skin
NYPL
would you sew them up,
as you did before?

Where is Nelly? I heard
from Beatrice - like the sound
of dog with a bone.

L.A.S.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Oct 1890

Thursday.

My Violet,
It is too touching
that you should lend me shoes -
I did not mean that you should
keep my wardrobe outplied.
I thought you had a great
hecatomb of Lowestoffe lambs,
offered up to the shade of your
grandfather (& my great Uncle) the
Bishop. I went out to
get you a book in prints; but
found nothing, & now I have
written for some elegies
which will come in a day or two.

the shoe fat excellently, & I go to my
tailor in them. The shape is wonderful -
like coal scuttles.

NYPL

I met Bruce Richmond last
night at a concert, & we had
an awkward moment. He has
shrunk, & becomes a lovely little
old man - I thought he was
younger & bigger. I want to
ask him to dinner - but do I
dare! I also saw the
benignant Sanders, Kate, & helped
her into the Queen's, which
was all inside out. Could I
ask her to tea, do you think?
I am writing all day long
about Lys - Holland. I think
Kelly is much better on Miss
Beale - I told her so - but I
think she suspects me.

Yr Sp.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

[Nov. 24 - 1908?]

My Violet,

I behaved with great stupidity & tore up the card with your book's name on it. If ya would repeat it, I would go & get it. As for your compliments — they fall like dew — Shall I make you understand that I am greatly repelled by seeing you. & boring you. & talking of unwritten works! O if you could see me struggle with my novel — it is most agitating work — a probably a wick o' the wisp. My reviews dont count at all.

I am just off to Godmanchester. Lady Swendolen came yesterday. & stayed 3 hours. She was charming, & really more human. I liked her. We discussed our view of the world, & how she lived & how I lived.

Yours
O.W.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

1900
Nov.

My Nobler,

I am disgraceful. I went today to get the book, — found I had left the paper behind. I will get it without fail on Monday — Here are some small offerings — my proof —

I will come to meet you about 3. but don't see me if inconvenient. I have to go on somewhere else

A.S.